

If you meet a black cat, shave him to the tail.

Some few years ago a gentleman of Maryland conceived the idea that an immense fortune could be realized by the tearing of black cats, for the sake of their skins. The principal obstacle to the plan was the impossibility of keeping the animals together, and preventing them from wandering off, as their activity, assisted by the penetrating qualities of their claws, would enable them to defy any enclosure; and at last, after much thinking, the idea suggested itself to his mind that water was the only barrier that cats could not pass. Being in possession of an island that appeared to be just suited for the experiment, he found all obstacles to the success of his plan removed, and set about organizing the affair.

He employed an agent and put out a circular, in which he stated that he would give so much a head for every black cat that could be got. This advertisement was circulated through all the counties bordering on the Chesapeake Bay, and the negroes got hold of it. In a short time all the black cats through those counties were stolen by the negroes and sold to the agent, who had depots established at different convenient points. Old ladies missed their favorite cats, and mourned them as dead—but the negroes, incited by the price offered, spared none. In this way, one hundred and fifty black cats were collected and transported to the island; and the agent took up his abode there, like another Robinson Crusoe, as superintendent and guardian of the cats. Those animals seemed to enjoy themselves vastly when first put upon the island, and spent their time in either playing with each other, or in catching birds or groundhogs; but at last the time failed them, and having no other supply of food, they became hungry and desperate, and roamed about the island in large bands, yelling for food. They at last became dangerous, and the agent wrote to his employer a statement of these facts, accompanied by a request to know how he was to feed them. He wrote back to the agent to set a couple of negroes to work to catch and open oysters for the cats, which order was carried out. The cats, having the alternative of oysters or starvation before them, very naturally chose the former; but not being accustomed to such unnatural food, a species of cholera broke out among them, and one half died.

This calamity drove the survivors mad, and they either committed suicide, or in a fit of desperation swam to the main land. At any rate they disappeared and were never heard of more.

The agent then wrote again to his employer to acquaint him with the result of this new treatment, which news was accompanied by a modest request for the payment of his wages—for this cat experiment occupied a space of upwards of a year. The latter was so indignant at both the conduct of the agent and the cats that he flatly refused; and the consequence of his refusal was a suit brought by the agent to recover his wages. This suit has been defended for some two years, and during its progress I have become acquainted with the facts.

As far as the theory of the speculation went it was a magnificent idea. The skin of the black cat is worth in Boston fifty cents. The cats I am told cost the agent just that sum. It was supposed that they would increase exactly ten fold per annum. Then say first year, number of cats, 150; second year, 1,500; third year, 15,000, from which there could be obtained 5,000 tons for sale, bringing \$2,500, and leaving 10,000 stock cats remaining, which at the above ratio of increase, would give the fourth year, the enormous sum of 100,000 cats upon the island; after which, all the surplus, over and above the last number, were to be caught in box-traps, and the skins sold to the Boston furriers. This stock of 100,000 cats were to produce 1,000,000 per annum, and the revenue consequently to be derived from the island would be in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000 per annum.

The principal drawback to the enterprise was the inability of the cats to organize or band together for the purpose of assisting each other, and thus facilitating their hunting operations; so, after deep reflection upon the subject, it was determined to import a couple of wild cats from South America, whose admixture with his cats would not only add strength to the body and value to the fur, but whose executive qualities might be brought to bear in organizing the original settlers into large hunting packs—and thus enable them to successfully pursue the squirrels and ground-mice with which the island abounded;—and in fact, to teach these unfortunate animals, who, torn from the comfortable friends, were, of course, ignorant of the necessities of savage life, the mystery of the chase. He readily found a friend willing to procure him the new cats. I'm afraid this friend regarded the whole matter as a joke, but at any rate he was faithful to his promise, and as soon after his arrival in Rio Janeiro as possible he set some natives hunting who caught two young tiger cats of extraordinary ferocity, which he placed in a cage and shipped to Baltimore.

When he had almost forgotten the matter, he was surprised by the receipt of a letter apprising him of the arrival of these wild beasts, and was requested "to come forward, pay charges and take them away." He hurried into town, and found these young tigers about the size of a medium setter dog, and a bill of charges of several

# The Carrollton Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

VOL. 26.

CARROLLTON, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1858.

NO. 24.

hundred per cent, more than he anticipated. He paid it, and ordered two negroes to convey the beasts in a cart out to his country seat for he wished to exhibit them, before he sent them down to take command of the island cats.

On the road out to his place the cats glared and spit at the negroes in such a headb manner, that to get rid of them they turned the cage over on the bar side, whereby one of the cats was smothered. The survivor being deprived of his mate became more ferocious than ever, and it became a question whether it would be safe for the cats upon the island to turn it loose among them. The owner was very much worried until his negro man suggested that they should try the experiment by putting a tame cat into the cage.

The idea was the very thing. A cat was procured and introduced into the cage. In about two minutes it was torn into shreds and utterly devoured. Of course it would have been madness to turn the beast loose on the island—so the idea was abandoned, and it has been kept ever since as a small menagerie attached to the gentleman's house, with the exception of a periodical visit to the Agricultural Fair in Baltimore, when it is placed among the poultry and causes the hearts of the chickens to die within them. This is a short history of the black cat scheme and the suit arising from it. Whether there is a little ability in the State sufficient to settle the latter is more than I am able to say.

## A REDEMPTION.

We heard a pleasant anecdote of a gentleman of some prominence in this State the other day, that, not being told in confidence, we feel disposed to tell again to a larger audience. A few days since there was a negro in Washington city going about with a paper, soliciting donations to enable him to redeem three children from slavery. He went into the room of the gentleman we have alluded to, and repeated his oft told and old story of neglect and want, with probably little expectation of meeting more kindness than he had met elsewhere. There were two gentlemen present. He told them how he had secured his own freedom, and left five children in bondage; how he had worked and begged till he had made enough to redeem two of them, and how he was still begging for means to save the others. They were very young, the oldest not more than ten, probably, the next eight, and the next six years of age. The gentlemen heard the story through without interruption. Then said one of them, "What is the price the owner asks for the children?" "Four hundred dollars for the youngest, and about six hundred for the others," was the answer. Various questions were asked to ascertain the genuineness of the story, and the negro's character. He referred them to the President of the Washington Bank, and otherwise satisfied them of his honesty, and the truth of his story.

Then the gentleman to whom we have alluded, turned about and said, "The price of the youngest child is four hundred dollars?" "Yes," "Well, you go to Mr. President of the Bank, to whom you refer, and tell him that if it is 'all right,' I will pay the price of the youngest child myself." The negro was astonished. He stammered, tried to express his thanks, broke down and ended by starting off precipitately to do the errand he had been charged with. "Now you have done it," said the other gentleman, "you'll have applications every day and hour while you stay here, and you'll be begged out of all your money." "Well," said the child's purchaser, I have done what I could, and what I thought I should, and if the begging comes I'll have to get rid of it as well as I can." David Kilgore, member of Congress from the Fifth District, was the gentleman. The story was told us by the gentleman who witnessed the transaction.—*Indiana Journal.*

## Losing All—A Family Scene.

There is something exceedingly tender, as well as instructive in the following, which we take from the *Child's Paper*:

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am beggared. I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead as if his brain was in a whirl.

"All!" said his wife, "I am left," "All," papa, said his eldest boy; "I am left." "And I too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'm not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "You have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with," papa, said his eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you a boat." "And your two eyes to see with," papa, said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a good God," said wife. "And heaven to go to," said the little girl. "And Jesus who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me," said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost all.—What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these precious things which God has left me?" and he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

## Speech of Mr. Sherman—Facts and Figures.

We referred on Saturday to the speech of the Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, of Ohio, showing the lavish expenditures and bad management of national affairs under the late and present Administration. His array of facts and figures is appalling, and shows that the expenses of this year will not fall short of \$85,000,000, exclusive of River and Harbor Improvements, Fortifications and the Utah War. The amount appropriated by the regular army bill is \$10,400,000.—The speech attracted great attention on both sides of the House, and the facts and figures presented should be conno and remembered by the people who will pass judgement on the acts of their public servants. They are thus condensed in the telegraph report of Mr. SHERMAN's speech to the New York press.

This was the second loan bill demanded by the Administration this session. While he was willing to take all proper measures to preserve the public faith he would not vote for this bill. It should be accomplished by some radical measure of reform.—The expenditures for this fiscal year exceeded the revenue \$37,000,000, and for next year would exceed the revenue \$43,000,000, or over \$80,000,000, in two years. The \$20,000,000 of Treasury notes and the balance of \$17,000,000, in the Treasury in July last are exhausted. The financial result of the two first years of this Administration would be an empty Treasury and a permanent debt of \$54,000,000.—Instead of proposing measures of retrenchment and reform, they demand loans and Treasury notes, and defeat every effort of the opposition to lessen the expenditures. He then in detail stated the expenses for this year to be eighty-three millions, and contrasted the expenses in different periods of the Government with the expenses of the present and last Administrations. The expenses of President Pierce's Administration were sixty millions more than the entire expenses of the Government prior to 1815, exclusive of payments on the public debt. The first year of this Administration cost the nation five millions more than the expenses of the Government prior to the close of Jefferson's Administration—a period of twenty years. Already bills had been introduced appropriating over \$80,000,000, and other appropriations are pressed upon us requiring many millions more. While population has increased since 1790 seven-fold, expenditures have increased forty-fold. From forty cents an inhabitant, it is now three dollars, or thirty dollars for each family, and twenty three for each voter. When the comparison is carried into details it is found that the great proportion of the increase is in contingencies, miscellaneous incidentals, and by an army of useless officers. The miscellaneous expenses have arisen, since 1840, from \$2,500,000 to \$19,000,000, covering a multitude of jobs and contracts. The thirty-third Congress, famous for repelling the Missouri Compromise expended over \$3,000,000 for printing or over \$10,000 for each member. The expenses of the Military establishment for this year are near \$28,000,000. Under these circumstances, while loan bills may be necessary to preserve the public faith, they should be accompanied by proper measures of retrenchment and reform. The House alone can apply the remedy by reducing the appropriations. The Constitution has conferred upon the House full and exclusive power over the public purse, but this power has been practically usurped by the Executive, by trans- ferring appropriations made for one purpose to a different one, by using money appropriated for one fiscal year to another, and by contracts made in advance of appropriations, thus compelling the House to sanction a reckless expenditure, or violate the public faith, and by direct usurpation. Of each of these abuses, he gave examples. An earnest effort to prevent them is met with opposition and denunciation by the friends of this Administration. We condemned the habit of the Senate loading down the Appropriation bill with amendments once rejected by the House, and of introducing revenue bills in violation of the express provisions of the Constitution. The House has long enough neglected its constitutional powers. It has thrown too much on a single Committee of Ways and Means, which, by being burdened with too much business, has become more trans- cribing clerks of the Departments. We ignore the principle of "grievances before subsidies," and vote money recklessly, and then do not look after its expenditure.—We have several Committees on Expenditure, and none of them ever meet. They were entirely ignored by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the reference of the President's Message. We also neglect the power of impeachment.—Every violation of law by an Executive officer should be followed by an impeachment or a bill of indemnity. When these reforms are completed, loan bills will be no longer needed, and expenditures will be reduced within the revenue. He had no confidence that this House as now composed would accomplish anything. The power and influence of the Executive has been too felt. He hoped the next House would be opposed to the Administration, and that it will learn from the example set by the last House how thankless a task it is to yield to the urgent demands for money by an Administration. An opportunity will then be offered to check the usurpations of the Executive and Senate, and confine them within their constitutional powers.

There were plenty of young gentlemen as well as plenty of old ones, whose boards are turning gray, which gives the former a great deal of uneasiness, and exposes the age of the latter. To avoid these little perplexities we advise each of our readers to use Prof. Woods Hair Restorative, which will in the course of a few weeks, change the hair to its natural color. It does not dye the hair like the most of the hair restoratives, but produces a gradual change of color from the roots of the hair to the final end, and gives it a fine and glossy appearance. We have seen many persons who have used it successfully, and pronounced it the only invention which has come to their idea of a "cure for gray heads." We commenced using it about two months since, and if we are any judge of age and beauty, it has made us at least ten years younger, in fact we are beginning to look quite young, and feel very much like getting a young wife. The change is miraculous, and it would be difficult to find a gray hair now as it would be to find an idea in the head of the Duke of Buckingham. We know several old maids and some young widows, whose locks are just beginning to assume a silver hue, and who have been talking seriously about resorting to this remedy, and we advise them not to delay any longer. It never fails.—(St. Louis Herald.)

**Another—**Ann Maria Wheeler was found dead in Chicago on Monday, sitting on a bench in a miserable slant. Note the revolting condition the wretched woman was degraded to by grog sellers. The *Tribune* says:

The floor of the slant was covered with mud and filth of all kinds an inch or two deep. There was no stove in the room, and on one or two blackened, cobwebbed shelves stood some greasy, broken crockery. A bed stood at one end of the room, with a mattress and ragged quilt almost rotten with dirt, upon it. Whisky bottles were lying around the room, and old hats, tin pans and pipes were strewn in every direction. Her face was smeared with filth, showing that she had lain upon the floor and got up and set down or fell down upon the seat, to the edges of which her hands were fastened in the fervor of her death, as if she died while endeavoring to keep herself on it. Deceased has been living for some time past with one John Talbot, who is now in the Bridewell for drunkenness.

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**Sold here by all druggists.**  
This article well at Columbus has reached the depth of one thousand two hundred feet, and is yet in limestone.

## A Romance in Real Life.

The *Bucyrus Journal* says that a man living near there, lost his wife some years ago, in Home, N. Y., that they had a little girl which he gave to a friend and left the country. He was gone two years and returned but could find no trace of his child. She had two marks by which he might know her, one was gone and she had a scar on her arm. The man gave her up as lost to him and finally settled near Bucyrus and married. The rest we give from that paper:

"About two weeks ago, he happened to pass by the room in his house occupied by a servant girl who had resided with him for nearly two years, at a time when she was about to retire, and the door being open, he saw her foot. He merely glanced at it, and happened to notice that the little toe of the right foot was missing. He thought nothing of it at the time, but after retiring, the idea struck him that it might be the daughter he had searched for so long. At first he dismissed the thought as improbable, but it still forced itself upon him, until finally he requested his wife to go to the room and ascertain whether there were or not, marks of a seal upon her right arm. She went, and to his immense delight reported that the mark was there. The poor man was so positive of her identity, that the girl was awakened, and in the middle of the night was questioned as to her origin.

She could only tell them that she did not know her parents, that her earliest recollections were that she had lived somewhere in the east with a family named (naming the family she had been left with) by the woman originally entrusted with her; and at their death she was taken charge of by the overseers of the poor, a place provided for her and she had come to Bucyrus with a family and had supported herself by doing housework since." This tallied so nearly with the ascertained facts in the case that the next day the father started east with her, and visiting the different places named, ascertained to his great joy, that she was in truth his daughter. She is an extremely beautiful girl, of great natural intelligence, and though totally uneducated, is still interesting. She is now at Granville, Ohio, receiving an education, to fit her for the new station she has assumed in life."

## Murder by Rum Sellers.

A man named John George took laudanum in St. Louis on Sunday at the European Hotel, and when discovered was too far gone to recover. He was aged 26, and had been at the Hotel but two days. The following memorandum found on his person tells the sad story in a few words:

"The last of John George. Please bury me by charity. I have been the last two years a despoiled man. My mind was destroyed from the effects of liquor. Let rising generation take warning by me—pecuniary embarrassment and fear of want. I have a mother and three sisters living in Pittsburgh, Pa."

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## Sunday and Week-day Religion.

The tides come twice a day in New York Harbor, but they only come once in seven days in God's harbor of the sanctuary.—They rise on Sunday but ebb Monday, and are down and out all the rest of the week. Men write over their store doors, "Business is business," and over their church door, "Religion is religion," and they say to religion, "Never come in here," and to business, "Never go in there."—"Let us have no secular things in the pulpit," they say; "we get enough of them through the week in New York. There all is stringent and biting selfishness, and knives, and probes, and lancets, and hurry, and work, and worry. Here we want repose, and sedatives, and healing balm.—All is prose over there; here let us have poetry. We want to sing hymns and to hear about Heaven and Calvary; in short, we want the pure Gospel, without any worldly intermixture." And so they desire to spend the quiet, pious Sabbath, full of pleasant imaginings and peaceful reflections, but when the day is gone, all is laid aside. They will take by the throat the first debtor whom they meet and exclaim, "Pay me what thou owest! It is Monday." And when the minister ventures to hint something about their duty to their fellow men, they say, "O, you stick to your preaching. You do not know how to collect your own debt, and you cannot tell what a man may have to do in his intercourse with the world." God's law is not allowed to go into the week. If the merchant sips in his store, he throws it over the counter. If the clerk sees it in the bank, he kicks it out at the door. If it is found in the street, the multitude pursue it, pelting it with stones as if it were a wolf escaped from a menagerie and shouting, "Avek with you! You have got out of Sunday!" There is no religion in all this. It is mere sentimentalism.—Religion belongs to every day; to the place of business as much as to the church.—*Becker's Life Thoughts.*

## Bancroft vs. Taney.

The very remarkable statement of the venerable Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, that in the days when the foundations of our Republic were laid, negroes were universally, in the Colonies, regarded as having no rights which a white man was bound to respect, is not corroborated by history, as we suppose was already pretty well understood. So far as the *Dred Scott* decision rests on that proposition, it is one which no intelligent person can honor. In the recently published (seventh) volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, there occurs a passage which very quickly disposes of the Chief Justice's hasty assumption, and will greatly impair confidence in his infallibility, wherever that sentiment remains. The passage may, or may not have been written previously to the delivery of Judge Taney's opinion; but at all events, it stands as indubitable history, in spite of the great Marylander. Bancroft (page 421 of volume 7) says:

"Nor should history forget to record that, as in the army at Cambridge, so also is this gallant band, the free negroes of the colony had their representatives. For the right of free negroes to bear arms in the public defense was, at that day, (1775,) as little disputed in New England as their other rights. They took their place, not in a separate corps, but in the ranks with the white men, and their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country, side by side with those of other soldiers of the Revolution."—[Vol. VII., Chap. xxxix., Page 421.]

This declaration of the impartial and faithful historian (himself always conservative, as he is also a Democrat,) will stand as conclusive authority, long after the name of Taney has faded from popular remembrance.

**WIFE-TAMING.**—The Boston *Gazette* announces Mr. Paul Prettyman as a teacher of the art of wife-taming, at the low price of \$50 per lesson. Here are some of his certificates:

This is to certify that Mr. Paul Prettyman has succeeded in subduing my wife. He took her when in her most restless condition, and in one hour she was cooking a beef steak with the placidity of an angel.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1858.

Mr. Prettyman has full liberty to refer to me. He says I consider the great desideratum of married life. He quieted Mrs. Simpkins, who was always ugly in double harness, and accomplished wonders. Not a shirt button has been missing since the date of his trial.

P. SIMPKINS, NEWARK, N. J.

**A Chicago paper** says that the old man who sold pop-corn in the hall of the Chicago postoffice, having chanced to express himself in opposition to Mr. Buchanan's Lecomptonism, has been expelled from this hall by the postmaster. None but genuine Buchanan Lecompton Democrats must sell pop-corn in any of the post offices in the country. This will severely test the political virtue of the popcorn men of the United States.

**THE PORT MISTAKE.**—An absurd poem of modern days has made the remark, "Bright things will never die." This is utterly false, for we have a friend, whose hair was as red as the rim of a tall-tower candle, and by the use of a little hair restorative, (which by the way the owner ought to advertise,) it is now as black as the Lecompton swindle.

## Ministers Tying Up a Steamboat.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian of the West*, writing an account of his voyage down the Mississippi, along with a hundred other ministers, to attend the General Assembly at New Orleans, thus tells what the preachers did on Sunday. The boat was the City of Memphis:

"When we found we could not reach Vicksburg by Saturday night, 12 o'clock we proposed to the Captain to 'lay to' on the Sabbath. He agreed to it on condition that we would pay the expenses of the boat. They would be five hundred and sixty dollars, but he would take five hundred dollars. The money was raised and the bargain closed. We arrived at the little village of Providence, La., and that Providence which directs all things seemed indeed to have directed our course to that point to spend the Sabbath.

"On awakening in the morning, all quiet on board, we learned that the Presbyterian of Central Mississippi had closed its business sessions there on Saturday evening, and that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated that Sabbath morning. We, therefore, gave up our intended service on the boat, and joined the congregation in the sacramental services of the Presbyterian Church. And precisely such a meeting, under such circumstances, had never before occurred upon the banks of the Mississippi, and may never occur again; one hundred ministers and elders, from thirteen States and Territories of the Union, stopping one of the floating palaces of this majestic river, on purpose to keep holy the Lord's day, meeting a presbytery in session, and joining with them and with the Church in celebrating the Lord's Supper. It was a most refreshing season to our company, to the Presbytery, and to the congregation."

## Acquittal for Killing a Seducer in Kentucky.

The trial of Hardisty for the shooting of Grubb, occupied three days of last week at Burlington, Boone county, Kentucky. It will be remembered that a sister of Hardisty was seduced by Grubb, and that Hardisty told the seducer that he would give him six months in which to make his choice between marrying the girl and being killed. The six months expired, and Grubb not having married the girl, Hardisty met him, and on sight shot him. The evidence showed that Grubb was armed also in expectation of the attack, but was shot in the act of drawing his weapon. The trial was ended last Thursday, and the verdict of the jury was not guilty. The following is the substance of the judgment pronounced by Judge Nutall upon the verdict of not guilty by the jury in behalf of Hardisty:

Sir: You have been indicted by the grand jury of your county upon a most heinous charge. You have put yourself upon your country and your God for deliverance. You have had a fair and impartial trial before them they have pronounced you not guilty and so say I. I may not be proper for me to express my sentiments yet nevertheless, I will do it.—Young man! had I been wronged as you have been, I would have spent every dollar I had on earth, and all that I could have begged and borrowed, and then starved upon the track of the villain, but I would have imbrued by hands in his blood. Go hence without delay. You are acquitted.

**HELD HIS BREATH TOO LONG.**—The Marysville (Cal.) *News* furnishes an account of a death which occurred under very singular circumstances, recently at a place called Delor Gulch. Two men, Jno. Thomas and Eph. Maringer, made a bet of ten dollars as to who could hold his breath the longest. At the word, both drew in their breath, but Maringer soon gave out. Thomas gave no sign or motion to show that he was aware of his having won the wager, but sat with his head bowed down upon his breast, still immovable. "Holloa, Thomas, old fellow, you've won! What are you sitting there for! Get up and stand treat," some one said to him. Not replying, the company became alarmed. They shook him, raised him from the chair—he was dead! Dr. Springall was immediately called in, but all hopes of resuscitation were gone; life had become entirely extinct. Dr. Springall, assisted by Drs. Wells and Glaudia, held a post-mortem examination on the body of the deceased the result of which showed that the heart had been completely burst asunder, causing death instantly.

**KEMP'S WORM PASTILLES.**—Mothers turn from the ordinary nauseous vermifuges in despair. Children refuse to take them, and their mineral ingredients are dangerous. These Pastilles, on the contrary, are a treat to the little sufferer, and neither contain mercury nor require its aid to perfect a cure. Being composed of medicines of children die annually of diseases originating in intestinal worms, we earnestly recommend the attention of parents to this palatable and safe remedy. Bristol's Santapilla is another standard specific for which the confidence of the sick can be conscientiously claimed. It unquestionably works wonders in scrofula, skin rheum, eruptions, and all cancerous, ulcerous and eruptive disorders. The present proprietors, Dr. T. L. Luman & Co., New York are manufacturing it by a new process, and a facsimile of their signature is inscribed on the outer label of each bottle, as a preventive of fraud.

**NOT PARTICULAR.**—A Pennsylvania editor, in an appeal to his patrons, says: "The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, ought to advertise," it is now as black as the Lecompton swindle.

## Refined Enjoyment of the Season—The Poetry of the Toilet.

The season which takes cognizance of the volatile and invariable elements which we call odors, although not so absolutely necessary for utilitarian purposes, as the senses of sight, hearing, taste and touch, is nevertheless a valuable endowment, and productive of a large amount of refined enjoyment.

It not only warns us of the presence of deleterious properties in the atmosphere, but enables us to distinguish and appreciate rare and exquisite elements of delight in that subtle medium, which would otherwise be lost to us. To the deaf, birds have no song, and vegetation without fragrance would lack a charm as necessary to its perfection as are their vocal powers to the fastidious cherishes of the woods. The lightest perfumes do not atone for the absence of song in the Bird of Paradise, nor would a combination of all the tints of the rainbow compensate us for the loss of fragrance in the rose. A blind poet has beautifully described the perfume of flowers as "floral music," and the sense of smell being less liable to derangement or obliteration than that of hearing, this "vocal music" is a poetic luxury which almost all of us enjoy. From the earliest ages perfumes have been held in high esteem.—The Egyptians embalmed their dead with fragrant spices, the Israelites mingled them with their sacrifices, the Romans used them in their lavatories and at their banquets, and in our own day frankincense is used as an emblem of praise and thanksgiving in all Roman Catholic temples. The gentleman, from the delicacy of their organization and poetic temperament, derive a more exquisite pleasure than men from agreeable odors. It would seem, too, as if Eve had carried with her from Paradise the memory of its fragrant atmosphere and transmitted a taste for floral perfumes to all her daughters. Art, especially of late years, has done much to minister to this taste. Nature, in her more favored regions covers her fields with aromatic vegetation, and hangs living censers on the forest boughs. But duty steals their scents, and we are indebted to art for their perpetuation. The mailed warriors of Old Spain were entranced by the luxurious aromas exhaled from the blooming wilderness of Florida, but could only bear away with them the recollections of its sweetness—they had no means of preserving it. It required the aid of modern chemistry to fix and concentrate impalpable essences and render it eternal. This it would seem has been accomplished in the celebrated Florida Water, introduced in South America by Murray & Luman, of New York, some twenty years ago, and which is now becoming a standard luxury of the toilet in the United States. The Florida Water was the first grand triumph of chemistry in this department, and Murray & Luman's Florida Water is the second, and perhaps the greatest. It is certainly a delightful acquisition to the poetry of the toilet.—*Havana Diario de la Marina.*

## Breadism in Tennessee.

The Nashville *Danner* of 25th, states that recent developments shows that the State Treasury of Tennessee has been robbed. That the investigations by the Legislative committee shows that the Secretary of the State, who is commissioner of the Turnpike Fund, is a defaulter in the sum of \$30,000, and that Thos. R. Mosby, who has for years been a clerk in the Comptroller's office, has been in the habit of taking State bonds deposited as security for the circulation of free banks and appropriating them to his own use. Seven of these bonds, of 1,000 each, have been traced to him by the committee, and he confessed to have stolen them.

It says also that the owners of the Exchange Bank allege that they deposited with the Comptroller bonds for the circulation of their notes, and that \$123,000 of these bonds are missing. The *Danner* hints that the money has been deposited in a Fano bank. It says the "responsibility lies between the owners of the bank, [the Messrs. Spence] the bank of Tennessee and the Comptroller."

The Committee are going on to make further investigations.

It begins to be more than manifest that scarcely anybody can be elected to Congress from this corner of the continent who voted for Lecompton. The brand is on the brow of every one who did the deed, and like the "scarlet letter," it cannot be obliterated, while, unlike the "scarlet letter," it is seen of all men. Now, it may be a pleasing thing to power to see the Lecomptonite re-nominated but it is a much more important thing to the Democrats to put nobody forward who will kill other candidates by the contact. If the Lecompton Congressmen want vindication, they should go to the Treasury for it. There are not votes enough for them in the North, and that's the long and short of the matter.—*Phil. Press.*

**TO PREVENT MILK WASTING FROM THE TEATS OF COWS.**—Get from the drugist a small quantity of collodion, or "liquid cuticle," and when the cow has been milked, apply it to the end of the teats.—It instantly will form a thin tough skin, which will close the orifice and prevent the omission of the milk. At milking time the false skin can be broken through, and the cow milked, and the collodion again applied. In a week or ten days there will be no necessity for further application, as the defect will be cured.—*Country Gentleman.*

A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a